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Pinnock's Catechisms of "The Geography of the British Empire. Parts 1, 2, and 3. England, Scotland, and Ireland."—Whittaker, Treacher and Co.

As the compiler of these very admirably got up little books, has done us the rank injustice of placing us third instead of second in his nine-penny parts, we shall heap coals of fire upon his head, by assuring our public that more comprehensive or useful little publications of their kind, can no where be found; and that besides containing a fund of valuable information, they are embellished in a manner surpassing any of their well-known predecessors, and quite surprising at the price. Each part has a map, an engraved vignette, and numerous woodcuts of remarkable places.

PERIODICAL LITERATURE.

Blackwood's Magazine.

BLACKWOOD has put forth a better number this month, than any of the three which have preceded it this year, but still we find it far short of what we were once accustomed to meet with in the "first of the Magazines." There was a time, when Wilson, and Lockhart, and Maginn, were regular contributors to this periodical, and when all the young spirits of the land were proud to contribute their choicest efforts to swell the tide of reckless and headlong genius that foamed and flashed along in its pages, but all things come to an end, and so has this. Blackwood is still the "first of the Magazines," but it only keeps a-head by the strenuous exertion of whip and spur, in the dull heavy road, dragging along elaborate imitations of its former self, and no longer bounding away far a-head, rejoicing in its youthful vigour and its conscious pride of superiority, and laughing at his competitors as they lagged behind, ridiculous in their backward distance:

Tempora mutantur, Blackwood mutatur in illis.

We know not how it is, but all people fancy themselves much wiser than they used to be, it has become harder to live, and folks have grown more serious, so that there is no one to write the bright jocund banter that used to be written, and the public would, perhaps, not so much relish it, even if it were written. Certainly the bright blaze of genius seems to be rather on the wane in the periodical literature of this country, and no where is the change more evident, than in the pages presided over by the far renowned Christopher North, who, with all his faults, and at all times they were many, did undoubtedly give a tone of vigour, and a hue of genius, to all the Magazines in the day of his strength, as well as to his own, beyond what had been known in the old time before him.

In the present number there is too much politics and too much poetry. The politics are vigorous enough, but rather heavy, and tedious; and the poetry is not much above common-place. The lines by Mr. Thomas Haines Bayly are among the worst we have seen from that gentleman's pen, though we do not plead ignorance of "I'd be a butterfly."

We were considerably disappointed in the *Noctes*. Whenever Blackwood advertises a *Noctes*, one rushes at it, chucking open the leaves with finger and thumb, and disdaining the delay of a paper cutter, because one expects a sensation; but the present *Noctes* is not a happy specimen. It rather reminds one of indifferent claret, a port wine, somewhat sourish, and deficient in body: the spirit of North grows

peevish, and the wit and poetry do not seem to come at his call, as they were wont. But there is a *Noctes*, and every one of course will buy the Magazine and read it.

We must not forget the article entitled "The Port of Venesque, a Scene in the Pyrenees." It is a most eloquent piece of description, and worthy of the best days of this Magazine.

The British Magazine.

THIS periodical, without the lofty pretensions to political and literary distinction put forth by some of its contemporaries, is one of the neatest of the London Magazines; it is also the cheapest, and as a useful family magazine, which is the character to which it aspires, we know of none more deserving of encouragement.

It blends papers of a religious and serious cast, with lighter essays, and sketches, for elegant amusement, and great attention seems to be paid to its arrangement; so that in a short space, a view of the scientific novelties of the day, and of the current literature, is given along with the original essays.

The present number is, perhaps, of rather a graver cast than usual, but what is grave may be read with much advantage, and it is not undiversified with amusement. Mrs. S. C. Hall's little story, entitled "Rose-coloured Curtains," is full of the lively playfulness, and spirit of goodness, which so uniformly distinguish the productions of its amiable author; and the account of the Gypsies, by the author of "Stories of a Bride," is a very interesting sketch. Mr. Pringle's continuation of his South African Sketches, is also a very interesting paper, and both for the spirit in which it is written, and the ability of the descriptions, deserves much praise. We extract a Sonnet with which it concludes:

THE HOTTENTOT.

Mild, melancholy, and sedate he stands,
Tending another's flocks, upon the fields,
His fathers' once, where now the white man builds
His home; and issues forth his proud commands.
His dark eye flashes not, his listless hands
Support the boor's huge firelock—but the shields
And quivers of his race are gone: he yields,
Submissively, his freedom and his lands.
Has he no courage? Once he had—but lo!
The felon's chain hath worn him to the bone.
No enterprise? Alas! the brand—the blow—
Have humbled him to dust—his hope is gone!
"He's a base-hearted hound, not worth his food,"
His master cries—"he has no gratitude!"

London University Magazine, for April. Hurst, Chance, and Co.

This periodical, we are happy to find, proceeds as it began; with the same talent and consistency. Conscious as we are of the great emulation with which "the pupils" contribute to its pages, we should be very delicate in selecting any particular article in the present number for our special approval; we merely notice the work to show that we are attentive to its progress, and that its merits, when particularly excellent, shall not escape us. *En passant*, we would pray the editor to keep a steady rein upon his merry-men; his clowns, who laugh themselves "in order to set on some quantity of barren spectators to laugh too." The life and soul of wit, with some people, is exaggeration—deliberate orientalism; strip them of this essential attribute, and their virtue is extinct. The possibility of such an exposure should be cautiously guarded against. The "secret history" of the L. U. M. would form a most interesting article, we have no doubt, if compiled by the *humorous* correspondent who subscribes himself N.

ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE.

LADY'S LETTER.

London, April 14, 1850.

What an immensity of pains you take, Mr. Editor, to convince those who have the advantage of perusing your delightful Gazette, that you are *not* answerable for the feelings, habits, manners, and opinions of your *valuable* correspondents. Mercy me! who ever fancied you were? From the extreme *caution* of your disposition, (did not your affectionate enthusiasm for all that is Irish tell plainly the contrary,) you would have been set down as a Scot. But poor fellow! during the first year we look upon you as only in your novitiate; and in consideration of the extraordinary taste and judgment you have displayed in your editorial capacity, we pardon and pity your nervous sensibility.

London has been as full and as bustling as it can possibly be; but now Easter is come, and almost gone, it will be more *recherché*. The opera and promenades will next week display unrivalled beauty and fashion; and the leaders of ton, and it is fervently to be hoped the leaders of politics, will acquire fresh vigour from the long recess. Of course you have heard of the disgraceful squabbles in the Literary Union—but have you heard of the L. U. button? Bless you, gentle Sir, the design of the L. U. button, and the life of Sir Thomas Lawrence, have occupied the entire attention of the worthy president of the porcupine tribe—the literati of this literary metropolis!

There has been also a gathering of the *clan* of the *Campbells* in Scotland yard, and a glorious gathering it was—rank, talent, and beauty! The host did the honours à merveille; and the lions, amongst whom we recognized Lytton Bulmer, Leicester Stanhope, Washington Irvine, Allan Cunningham, Fanny Kemble, the dons of the Royal Academy, and a host of others, were quite approachable, and as gentle as lambs. The editor of "the London Literary Gazette" had also a brilliant party at his house at Brompton the other night; it is needless to add, that much talent was congregated there, and that his lovely daughters were, as usual, the stars which "mortals gaze on, and adore."

Martin, the artist, a man as much beloved by a numerous and respectable circle of friends, as he is admired by all who value powerful and original genius, assembles at his house once a month, all that is distinguished in art and literature: his parties are truly delightful, and it is no little treat to see a man so known to fame, so favoured by fortune, perfectly unspoiled, surrounded by the most beautiful children, to whom he is tenderly attached, and performing all the duties of life with honourable and kindly exactness.

Thomas Moore, your own bard, who has devoted the energies of his richly-stored mind to the service of his beloved country, seemed much gratified there the other evening. His Byron has made him more popular than ever. You have, however, heard of the war between him and the bard of hope. You see that the literary world *here* do not pass all their time in poring over musty folios, or in soiling bath post with their lucubrations. No such thing; they dance and sing; and it is gratifying to observe, that the rust with which that tribe was

supposed to be so deeply encrusted, is fast wearing off.

Miss Jewsbury, the extraordinary strength and power of whose mind has excited considerable interest, is expected in town, to superintend the publishing of her "Three Histories."

Miss Mitford's new tragedy is not forthcoming until next season. Many reasons are assigned for this; perhaps it may be owing to the change of management at Drury-lane: it is a sad disappointment to the play goers, who are tired of translations and adaptations—and no wonder. But I promised ages ago to tell you of 'the Mitford.' Mary Russell Mitford then, resides at the little hamlet of "Three Mile Cross," near Reading; and it is pleasing to know, that all her scenes are taken from real life, and the aspect of the cultivated and well wooded country of "sunny Berkshire." I was not a little astonished to find her attended on her last visit to London, by the identical "Olive Hathaway," the lame village sempstress, who forms the subject of one of her sweetest sketches. Miss Mitford is much addicted to country pastimes, and often takes the field at dawn of day, accompanying her father in his couraging excursions. "May flower, pretty May," is not a dog of the imagination, but a beautiful hound, whose two sons share with her the caresses of their kind mistress.

The Mitford cottage, is a pretty, but fairy spot. You might place it as a band-box on a shelf; or hang it, like a bird-cage, in a tree—however, it suffices for the wants and wishes of a descendant of the noble house of Russell—of one, who may, with truth, be also termed, "a noble of nature," the antiquity of whose title cannot be impeached, as her patent has been made out by an unerring hand. There she lives—the idol and blessing of her surviving parent, (who, by the way, is one of the most gentlemanly and handsome old men in England, somewhat violent on what we consider the *wrong* side in politics—but this is no affair of ours,)—and the beloved and respected of a large circle, of all who, invariably, from being acquaintances, become devoted friends; there is a certain number of persons, of a particular class—(who "do not like to be put in print")—that are a little bit afraid of the fair lady's wit, and would rather keep out of her way—who get at the wrong side of the hedge if she is coming up the lane—and never venture to open their lips if they meet her at a tea-party, lest "the authoress" should take down their words; nevertheless, these very people, entertain the highest respect for her; and it is only the weakness of their own intellect, or, to speak more gently, an overwrought timidity, that stimulates them to such silly conduct. As it is now some sixteen or eighteen years since Miss Mitford's first poems were published, we cannot sin against politeness in saying that the lady is considerably over thirty. In person, she is short, and very stout; but retains a light, graceful step; and notwithstanding her *en bon point*, and her rustication in "our village."—The moment she enters the room, you feel convinced that she is a person not only of high intellect, but high breeding—"a true born gentlewoman." Her manners are frank and simple; and there is a heart-winning kindness in her address, which, united to the most musical and sweet-toned voice you can imagine, makes her extremely

interesting. Her brow is the very glory of phrenology—high—broad and full:—all the noble faculties well developed; her smile is the perfection of sweetness—and yet I have seen nestling in the little dimples round her beautiful mouth, as much arrant mischief and mirth as ever hovered over Thalia's lip;—her nose is strait and well formed; but the little lashes of her eyes do not improve their expression. She would certainly, even by critics, be pronounced handsome—were it not that her face is too large for her features.—It is quite impossible to think of this, however, after you have conversed with her for five minutes—her acute observation, her playful wit, her strong good sense—all happily blended, and coming forth, without any attempt at display—without any affectation, as the subjects touched upon require, render her the most delightful companion of all the literate: but I do not mean to pen comparisons, where there is so much general excellence. And now, having fulfilled my old promise, and chattered in merry mood to you, most grave and worthy President, of and concerning the fair author of *Rienzi*, I take my leave for the present—promising next time to enlighten you on the subject of Allan Cunningham, or Crofton Croker, or Mrs. Hofland, or Miss Jewsbury, or.....but, perhaps, you do not know * that Crofton Croker, the Biographer of Cluricauns—the King—or, at all events, the Regent of Fairy-land, has deserted Titania, and married—a woman!—clad in a suit of Lincoln green, and tripping to the music of silver bells!—he sacrificed at the altar of hymen, and is now wearing the silken chains in the fair Island of Wight. I could also have told you what pictures the R. A.'s are preparing for Somerset-House—having been permitted to visit some of their studios; and I could have said a great deal about your admirable countryman, Doctor Walsh's invaluable work on Brazil, and the extraordinary sensation it has created in certain quarters—but, by this time you are tired of me, and I am—but I must "behave"—and not say rude things, even if I am tired.

Sir, your's, with profound respect,

Puss in the Corner.

* Not know indeed! That's a good joke, and we at the throwing of the stocking.—Ed.

Paris, April 12.

I have very little of interest to communicate to you, either in the way of literature, science, or amusement. To begin, however, with the theatres; there have been no new pieces worth notice—but the theatres have, on the whole, been well attended, as you will see by the following account of the receipts during the month of March—(those of the Theatre Français are not included, there being no returns:)

	f.	s.
Royal Academy of Music,	43,769	30
Theatre Royal de l'Opera Comique,	66,944	85
Theatre Royal de l'Odeon,	37,687	20
Theatre Royal Italien	46,877	20
Theatre de Madame,	58,795	60
Theatre de Vaudeville,	33,213	50
Theatre des Nouveautés,	71,639	05
Theatre des Varietes,	28,161	35
Theatre de la Gaite,	47,094	93
Theatre de l'Ambigu,	39,029	10
Theatre de la Parle St. Martin	52,365	93
Cirque Olympique,	20,613	

546,187 08

Great exertions are making here to induce the Government to increase the sum allowed for elementary education (*instruction primaire*.) You will hardly credit that, whilst 667,524 f. are appropriated in the Netherlands annually to this object, the amount in France is only 50,000 f. According to the extent of the population, it would require 3,400,000 francs to place France on a level, in this respect, with the Netherlands.

A project is on foot here, the object of which is a regular communication between this capital and St. Petersburg, in ten days, and with Moscow itself in thirteen. The route is thus laid down:—

	Days.
From Paris to Amsterdam, by land,	2½
Amsterdam to Hamburg, by steam boat,	1½
Hamburg to Lubeck, by land,	1
Lubeck to Petersburg, by steam,	4
Allowance for casual delays,	1
	10
From Petersburg to Moscow,	3
	13

The advantage, in a commercial point of view, by this mode of transmitting merchandize, over that now in use, whereby two months are occupied in sending a box of Lyons' silks, for instance, to St. Petersburg by sea, is calculated to be full four per cent. upon the value of the merchandize, independent of the great saving in point of time, and the regularity of the arrivals. The accommodation to bankers, merchants, and travellers of all descriptions, is also obvious. A regular communication by steam, between Marseilles and the principal ports of the Mediterranean, is also in contemplation; and thus a direct intercourse will be established both with the north and south of Europe, with Petersburg, Amsterdam, London, Naples, Corfu, Athens, Constantinople, Smyrna, Alexandria, Barcelona, Valencia, and Cadiz.

The subject fixed upon by the Paris Geographical Society at their last sitting, for their gold prize medal, is the *Origin of the race of Negroes in Asia*. According to the Chinese historians, a black population inhabits the mountainous region of Kuenlun, to the north of Thibet. Remains of a similar race exist in the mountains which separate the An-Nam from Kambodje. The Sameng nation in the mountains of the Peninsula of Malacca, is also a remnant of a negro population, and speaks the same language as is found among the blacks of Oceania. It is generally acknowledged that an affinity exists between these people and the Malay race, which, as is well known, extends itself from the island of Formosa, as far as Madagascar, as also from New Holland to the Sandwich Islands. A critical inquiry, and some certain conclusions on the question respecting the origin of these black populations is required. It is desired that the author will ascertain and compare all the Negro races which inhabit, or may have inhabited, the different countries of eastern Asia, and lay open the relations which may have existed between them and the Malay race. It is also desired, that the author will found his researches on the writings of the Chinese. The medal (of 1000 fr. value) will be decreed at the first general meeting in 1832. The Essays are to be sent in to the office of the central committee of the Society, before the 31st December, 1831.

London, April 13, 1830.

There is much talk here of an intended new literary political speculation, in the shape of a daily morning paper. According to the *on dit*, it is to be on the tory side; and several members of parliament are stated to have subscribed large sums towards it. It does not seem probable that this new plan, supposing it to be really in contemplation, can prove successful; but there is no saying positively, what capital, and talent, and spirit may, or may not, achieve in this way.

The exclusive topic of conversation in literary circles here, is "Mr. Campbell and Mr. Moore," "Campbell and Moore," "Moore and Campbell." From all that I can collect at the Literary Union, and in other places, where Mr. Campbell's attack upon Moore is discussed, the general opinion is against the editor of the *New Monthly*, whose attack is considered something like a literary quackery. It is thought that Moore will not answer him, as most of his friends say he is not required to do so. There are a few, however, who urge him to reply in the next volume of his *Byron*. The best of the joke is, that Mr. Campbell, with all his knight-errantry for Lady Byron, has given reason to justify a suspicion, that he acts from pure gallantry, and not at all from conviction. Indeed, some quote observations of his own on the subject, which I will not repeat, and assert, that Moore could, if he pleased, lay him prostrate.

It is pleasant to find that the monthly periodicals, which have started during the last six months, have stood their ground. Considering the enormous expense attending them, and the difficulty of pleasing the public, this is highly creditable to the conductors. *Frazer's Magazine* seems to be gaining ground rapidly; it is really a clever publication, and so is the *British Magazine*. These may be considered established. Whether the *London University Magazine* may be fairly so considered, I cannot say. Two new *London Sunday* papers have, as you know, appeared within the last two months. The *Paul Pry*, which had a large sale at first, has declined considerably. A portion of it has lately been purchased by some persons connected with the Duke of Cumberland, and it is now almost exclusively devoted to the vindication of that prince, from the charges which have been brought against him. The *Intelligence*, which was started immediately under the auspices of the Treasury, is steadily holding its way. This, although a strong political paper, devotes several columns to literature; and it is said, that two of the favourite poets of the day have shares in it.—Hitherto, however, there has been only one poetical effusion.

Messrs. Colburn and Bentley continue to publish with great spirit; within the last fortnight, not less than seven sets of new works have issued from their house. The other publishers, however, are very dull; and, generally speaking, there is little sale for books, unless it is forced by great expenditure in the way of advertisements.

In theatricals, there is little to notice. The ex-lessee of a large theatre is enjoying the breezes on the Surrey side of the water, with £20 per week, allowed to him by the committee, for the remainder of the season, as the condition of his giving up possession. There are several bidders for the concern, but, at present, Charles Wright, of Champagne notoriety, is the highest.

COCKNEY CRITICAL ACUMEN.

Our attention has been directed to the following paragraph in the *Atlas* newspaper of Sunday last:—

An *Irish Literary Journal* concludes its exhortation to a young poet in these words:—

"Let him not wax faint in his exertions after fame; if, disdaining vulgar resources and extravagant peculiarities, he rest on the strength of his genius alone, he may feel assured that his 'final hope' will be far from 'flat despair.'"

To know that his hopes will not partake of the nature of despair, must be in the highest degree, consolatory to the poet. The *Irish* critic, no doubt, would not have troubled himself with inditing this cheering common-place, unless he were afraid that the young gentleman might commit the blunder of mistaking the one for the other.

We beg to inform our readers that this is intended as a dead hit at the *Dublin Literary Gazette*, a fact which, but for this intimation of ours, might easily have escaped them, as the force and point of the observation are somewhat difficult to be discovered. The *Atlas* is, in our opinion, at least the second best Sunday paper in London, and as such, we have a civil condescending sort of regard for it, besides that we are nowise ambitious to lay the knout upon a mere writer of news; but it may not be unamusing to our readers to learn that the critique in question, upon the ultra-hibernianism of which the man in the *Atlas* is so witty and severe, was wholly written by an ENGLISH gentleman, a friend of ours, residing near London, and justly celebrated in the literary world, for the correctness of his judgment and the purity of his taste.

HIBERNIANA, No. 2.

[We have been favoured by a kind friend with a number of most curious original letters, some of which throw considerable light upon that interesting period of Irish history when William III. was engaged in reducing this kingdom to subjection. We shall select one from time to time for publication. The present specimen shall be followed by a singularly interesting letter from Colonel Felix O'Neill to the Countess of Antrim, on the taking of Athlone by the English army. It was found in O'Neill's pocket on the battle-field of Aughrim, where he was killed.]

Copy of a Letter from Mr. D. Campbell, to Sir Arthur Rawdon, Bart. at his House at Moyra, to be sent by the Postmaster of Lisnagary, from the King's Camp at Carrick-on-suir, near Waterford, July 24th, 1690.

HONORED SIR—I received your letter of the 19th, and as the former letter gave me the greatest disquiet, so this has done me the kindness to ease me in a great measure, for I here protest once more, I never had so much as a thought that was guilty in reflecting of you, and because, by your letter, you say you were told by one that I should say I had done more for you, than ever you would thank or pay me for, and that I was afraid I never should be paid what money I had laid out for you, I dare swear I never was guilty of any such thing; for if I had, it had been the readiest way that I should never have it, because it

would render me incapable of getting it, if there be any suit by disobliging you, and I think I am not so great a tattler, and makes every one my confidant, that if I had any occasion to fear, I should myself open so. But I protest, I cannot remember in the least, any thing that looks like it, only this I have said, discoursing of the miserable condition of the country, and of your estate amongst the rest, I have said that I was afraid there would hardly be got so much for some time, as would pay for the receiving of rents, and if this be it, that they have willingly or ignorantly wrested to do me a diskindness, I would leave any man of sense to judge whether I deserve it; but since I have your good opinion again, I slight all the rest, and value not one pin what they say: I have some design when the campaign is over, to part with my employment, for I confess it is a *life of honour* (as Prince Rupert said of it) *but a dog would not lead it*; but that is not all, for since you were so pleased to put that trust in me, I was resolved to waive any thing that should have hindered me of serving you.

As for news here, the account you have had of the Boyne action already, from Mr. Shaw and others, will excuse me, since we have had nothing offered upon the road, but hanging of some people, a soldier I mean, for robbing, and every day some one or other are so used, the king is very strict, and will suffer none to plunder, so that this part of the army will be very poor, because we are forced to be very honest; yesterday my Lord Granard came here, and was introduced by my Lord of Ormond, after an hour's attendance; he is very weak in his limbs, I don't hear the reception was extraordinary: Jackman, Dick Eustace, and young Keating, surrendered themselves, and has got a protection, and every one that asks (as I think) have the same, which the king's declaration does the same for all, some few excepted, till the first of August; it is believed it is well done, because it may be a means to take off a great many hands from the enemy, and shorten the work, which I believe we would be glad were made an end of. From Athlone came in an express from Lieutenant General Douglass, gives the following account, that the Lieutenant General having sent a trumpeter to summon the castle and town, they fired at the trumpeter, they have burned the part of the town that lies on one side of the river, and broken down the bridge, they have turned out all the protestants stark naked, men and women, they have raised some works about the town, and have lined the castle wall within, eighteen feet thick of earth, so that our guns will be rendered ineffectual, only our bombs must do the work, and that my Lord Granard says we can do no good of this side of the water; the Lieutenant General has sent 3000 horse, foot, and dragoons, to get over the water, to secure some pass for fear of some relief from Limerick or Galway. The garrison are but 800 men, the Lieutenant General broke ground, and lost but about fourteen men, the enemy raised a battery, and poor unfortunate Hugh McGill would needs go to see it, though dissuaded from it by every one, his arm and shoulder was shot from him by a cannon shot, of which he immediately fell dead, and not so much lamented, because every one condemned his going thither; we yesterday summoned Waterford, the answer sent the king was, that allowing them to march out